The
COMMONWEAL

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Tough Talk

IN THE *Saturday Evening Post* for October 23, Far-Eastern correspondent Hallett Abend has an article which he calls "Millions Must Starve." It is a strange performance. But its tendency is clear enough: Mr. Abend wants the American public to believe no nonsense about feeding Europe (or Asia). He flatly says that of the more than 300,000,000 people in occupied and enemy Europe, at least 10 percent "are already doomed to die of starvation or of diseases resulting directly from malnutrition." This in the face of United Nations assurances that they will be fed. And he further says: "History affords no parallel to the broken promises and disappointed hope which will follow the surrender of the Axis powers. With the best intentions, based upon the false assumption that the United States could be the bread basket of the world, we face a tragic victory which will bring to those now under Axis tyranny a dubious political freedom, hunger and a death toll from starvation."

On what does Mr. Abend base these dire predictions? The strongest part of his case is built on the fact that the governmental agencies for the administration of relief in liberated areas are overlapping and confused and working at cross purposes, but even here his case is none too strong, since he admits that thus far these agencies in practice have relieved hunger and have supplied the most essential needs of populations. So his case in the end must rest upon the simple thesis that there is not enough food available to prevent the wholesale starvation which he predicts with such gruesome exuberance. He speaks vaguely of specific shortages in various parts of this country, of the warnings by ex-Governor Lehman and Ernest Bevin that rationing will continue after the war, and of the likelihood that "October will probably witness the exhaustion of our 'ever-normal' grain reserves"—whatever that may mean. Nowhere is he more specific; nowhere does he give figures on our present reserves, and throughout the article he completely disregards the other great food-producing countries, which everyone assumes will bear a very large share of the burden of feeding—Canada, the Argentine, Brazil, Australia. Moreover, he speciously denies the ability of Europe to begin fairly promptly to meet a portion of its own food requirements on the ground that we will not be able to send abroad any large amount of farm machinery. European farming, especially in the countries which we shall first have to feed, has never been highly mechanized, and can manage to raise considerable crops without elaborate farm machinery.

This is no place to supply the facts and figures which would go to disprove Mr. Abend's thesis; to do so would require too much space. But it does seem in order to raise objections to his article purely on grounds of politics. Perhaps we have built up exaggerated expectations in the hearts of many hungry people; that is no reason to jump to the opposite extreme and say that we really can't help at all. Certainly, rationing will continue after the war—precisely because we must ship food abroad. Certainly we have had shortages here, but we are very far from starving. Certainly grain stocks are somewhat less than they were, but they are still huge. The net effect of this article is to encourage those Americans who would prefer to wash their hands of the rest of the world, and to bring closer the day when they will get up enough courage to make a political issue out of national selfishness.

The Canadian Bishops Speak

ON OCTOBER 20 there was released in Canada an official statement, formulated at the plenary council of archbishops and bishops which had been held in Quebec the previous week:

> The archbishops and bishops of the Catholic Church in Canada, at a plenary meeting in Quebec on October 13, 1943, recorded their appeal to the faithful, and to all in authority, to promote the urgently-needed social and economic reforms such as were advocated in the Joint Pastoral Letter of the Hierarchy of May 13, 1942, and in previous and subsequent ecclesiastical letters covering the same subject.

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> The bishops have pleasure in commending the admirable examples of Social Action given by many Catholic organizations throughout Canada, notably the Extension Department of Saint Francis Xavier's University, Antigonish, N. S., and the "Semaines Sociales du Canada" with its recent manifesto "For a Better Order"; and also the various cooperative enterprises spreading throughout the country.
>
> As the authorized spiritual advisers of the Catholic people, the bishops declare that the faithful are free to support any political party upholding the basic Christian traditions of Canada, and favoring needed reforms in the social and economic order which are demanded with such urgency in pontifical documents.
>
> The bishops reiterate their condemnation of the doctrines of communism, under whatever name may be used to mislead the good faith of the people, since communism is that form of revolutionary socialism which is materialistic in its philosophy, which denies the right of private property, and by concentrating all economic as well as political power in the State, sets up a system of totalitarianism destructive of liberty and degrading to the human person.

This document is presented in full for the sake of the record. Anyone conversant with Canadian political life knows it means just one thing—that it is permissable for Catholics to be active in the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, the comparatively new, frankly socialist (but not "revolutionary" socialist) party described in a recent COMMONWEAL article (October 8, 1943). Certain diehard Catholics have refused to put this interpretation on it, but the Canadian *Register,* which is official in several dioceses, states the matter very clearly in a leading editorial. We believe that in so acting the Canadian hierarchy has shown great wisdom and courage, the implications of which extend far beyond the borders of the Dominion.

Foreign Policy: Maintaining Peace

LAST WEEK we indicated our conviction that the United States is forced to choose between imperialism and international cooperation as a means of avoiding future wars. We added that cooperation was the only practicable solution and said why. That leads directly to an inquiry as to how the nations can in concert provide for action against the next disturber of the peace.

The contest in the Senate over commitment to a vague "international authority" to preserve the peace or to an "international organization" with somewhat more specific functions (the adjective "military" is one of the terms) seems about to be resolved in favor of the former. This is hardly surprising in view of the months of delay by Senator Connally's special subcommittee. Their heart has not been in it. In passing the Connally resolution, the Senate will be making an affable gesture of sorts and leaving the matter quite open.

The problem of deciding on an effective method of preserving peace remains. All the agreements in the world do not obviate the ultimate necessity of force. Once military occupation has yielded to civil occupation or to complete withdrawal by United Nations authorities, the new force must be ready. This international army or police force might comprise contingents from the various nations merged into a single force and distributed to strategic points. It might even be a powerful international air force so distributed as to be able to paralyze any would-be aggressor. Hard as this is to attain, it does not seem impossible if the constitution of such a force be coupled with the most rigidly enforced disarmament.

Sumner Welles recently hinted at an organization of these international forces on a much more regional basis. Under such a scheme, for instance, joint Canadian, United States and Latin American forces would presumably be posted throughout the two American continents and their strategic approaches. They would none the less be under orders from the international authority and would in extreme cases be called upon to participate in action against an aggressor in other sectors of the globe. Such a disposition of the international forces would indeed call for a lesser degree of yielding of national sovereignty, but it would seem to heighten the danger of inter-continental conflicts.

Samuel Grafton of the New York *Post* recently came out against the whole idea. An international police force might, indeed, interfere with the revolutions from which he hopes for human freedom. As evidence that all wars are not bad he cites two internal conflicts, the American Revolution and Garibaldi's fight for Italian freedom. He intimates that maintenance of peace may be simply international oppression.

The setting up of a strong international police force is only one prerequisite for a lasting postwar settlement. Families, communities and nations must be enabled to earn their daily bread. They must be free to worship according to their lights, free to express their convictions and so on. It is not merely a question of overwhelming military might. Machinery for the effecting of peaceful change is equally important. No matter how long the "cooling off" armistice period, specific terms will become outmoded; justice will demand revision. The stronger the international police force, the easier it must be for people to secure peaceful treaty change.

N.B.

WE DO NOT KNOW what comment to make on the following paragraph taken from an OWI release: "The Tokyo radio, in a broadcast directed to Japan and the Empire, said that the Greater East Asia Religious Inquiry Society held its first 'inquiry' yesterday to discuss 'measures for the strengthening of spiritual life parallel with the rapid progress of scientific warfare.'"

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Badoglio

"IN SEPTEMBER everything will be over and I need some thousands of dead to be able to sit at the peace conference as a belligerent." That is what Mussolini said after the German victories in Belgium and France when he decided to enter the war. The statement is contained in the very remarkable interview which Herbert Matthews secured from Marshal Badoglio and which the New York *Times* published on October 25. When he thought that the war would be a long war, Mussolini informed Hitler that he would not be prepared to enter the war before 1943. He then proceeded to sell four destroyers to Sweden, aviation material to France and the first anti-tank weapons then being built to other countries. "It is obvious," remarks Badoglio, "one does not prepare for war by selling arms." Italy remained unprepared without reserves or matériel. Then came June, 1940. "Even Ciano was against our entry into the war. Responsibility for the declaration of war rests exclusively on Mussolini."

What happened then? "We lost all the arms and troops we had in Ethiopia . . . we sent a large part of our most modern equipment to Libya. In Libya and Tunisia our losses in men were particularly severe. Mussolini, who had not understood the Italian strategic problem, insisted on sending large forces to Russia and the Balkans. In Russia our ill-armed and worse equipped divisions were almost completely destroyed. There were a good ten divisions. . . . The gravest fact was the following: at the time when Sicily already was being invaded, Mussolini's strategy had disposed thirty-six divisions abroad and only twelve in Italy. . . . But more serious than all this were the sufferings of the population."

What happened then? Defeat happened then and the government collapsed. "The Italian people had for some time felt an intense hatred for fascism. . . . But none could rebel, considering that all the power was in the hands of the government. The attack against Mussolini was carried out by the fascist hierarchs themselves." Asked what part he had played in the coup, Marshal Badoglio replied: "I was outside the question."

This interview leaves people about where we thought they were: it leaves Mussolini the dictator, it leaves the Italian masses impotent, the Generals impotent, the King impotent. The King, the Generals and the people accepted fascism twenty years ago, they tolerated fascism for twenty years and then fascism collapsed of itself when the wars went wrong. It was not overthrown by the people, the Generals or the King. After the formal questions and answers of the interview Herbert Matthews talked with the Marshal. He reminded him that they had been in Ethiopia together. (Matthews is one of the few correspondents who gave the Italian infantry just praise for courageous behavior in the difficult circumstances of that campaign.) "Those were better times for Italy," the Marshal said.

Mussolini was doing a job as he saw it; he is not doing a job any longer; his story is finished. He was the Italian State and the Generals, the King and the people obeyed him. Having shown a murderous and surprising triviality, this man led his country into war, into despair, and he is gone. There is not much left of his country, there is not much left of the State. There is the King, and he will say that he is a constitutional monarch and that he followed the advice of his Premier and that of the Chamber of Fasces and Corporations and that now he is willing to follow the advice of anyone else who cares to provide him with it. It does not seem to matter very much what he may say. It does not seem to matter what explanations he may give for the past, what promises for the future. He called Mussolini to power, he obeyed him for twenty years, he allowed Ethiopia, the lives lost in Spain, he permitted Corfu, Albania, he sanctioned the declaration of war against France so that Mussolini might have "some thousands of dead," he waved to the troops who went to Russia and to those who went to Greece. When it was all over, he accepted Mussolini's resignation and looked around and there was Badoglio. And now Badoglio tells him: "The various political parties, although obstructed and repressed in every way, were not dead. . . . These parties, and more precisely the Liberal, Christian-Social, Socialist and Communist Parties and the Party of Action, have now coalesced into a common front. . . . I will complete my government with the most authoritative representatives of these parties, none excluded." Since few of these "representatives" desire anything of the King save his abdication—and not in favor of Umberto—it does not seem to matter what the King says or does.

So that in most of Italy there are only the Italian people confronting the Germans, and where Italy is freed from the Germans, there are the Italian people and a General who happens to be in charge. This is not an entirely unfortunate situation, for a general is a general and therefore intensely interested in liberating his country so that he can continue to be a general. It is too bad losing a battle, a campaign, but generals all know that this can happen. But it is another thing to lose one's country, it is another thing to have one's nation go. The Italians can count on Badoglio's earnest desire to liberate Italy. As for politics, he has given ample proof that he will accept anything—as long as there is a government under which he can serve as a general.

C. G. PAULDING.

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About Mary

DOROTHY DAY

THIS morning after Communion I thought of writing about Mary, and since the thought came to me at *that* time, I took it as an order. I always say to the Blessed Mother after Communion—"Here He is in my heart; I believe, help thou mine unbelief; Adore Him, thank Him and love Him for me. He is your Son; His honor is in your hands. Do not let me dishonor Him."

And since too at that moment came this thought, those glimpses of all she has meant to me,—all the little contacts with her that brought me to Him,—I felt I must write.

One of the reasons I do not write more is that there is always housework, cleaning, scrubbing, sewing, washing (right now it is cleaning fish), etc., to do. Just as she had to do these things, and probably never neglected them. But then too I can see her sitting seemingly idle beside a well on just such a day as this, just thanking Him, with each happy breath.

★

Down in New Orleans twenty years ago I was working for the *Item,* an afternoon paper, and the job was not a very satisfactory one. Women writers, "girl reporters," had to write feature stuff. I started in writing a column about homely things—the same kind of a column I write now—the Day after Day column, in the *Catholic Worker*. But they soon gave me assignments, some good, some bad. I had to interview Jack Dempsey, and such like, visiting celebrities. Once I had to cover the political situation and write a series of interviews with the retiring governor and the newly-elected governor of the state. I had to work in a dance hall for a week as a taxi dancer and write a series of articles, in one of which I insulted, so they said, the United States Navy. Representatives from the sailors of a battleship in port at the time came to the newspaper office to rebuke me. It was a change from the work I had been doing in Chicago in the radical movement. But I didn't like it much.

Across the street from where I lived, I think it was on St. Peter street, there was the side entrance to the Cathedral. Every night I used to go in there for Benediction. Perhaps I was influenced by reading the novels of Huysmans that I had borrowed from Sam Putnam's library in Chicago. My roommate was Mary Gordon (when I last heard of her, she was working for the League for Spanish Democracy in Chicago, a Communist affiliate), and that Christmas she gave me a rosary. So in this case I was led to the Church through two Communists. I did not know how to say the rosary, but I got a little prayer book at a Catholic book store which I often visited, and I learned how. Once in a while I said it. I remember expressing the desire to talk to a priest—to the girl who ran the book shop—but nothing came of it.

★

My first statue of the Blessed Mother. Peggy was my roommate in jail in Washington. When we were in the Occaquan workhouse we had adjoining rooms. In the Washington city jail I had the upper berth on one of the upper tiers, and Peggy had the lower. I read the Bible and she wrote a book of poetry,—"Poems to my Lovers" she called it. I also read letters from the boys I was going with at the time, one of them, my most regular correspondent, a United States sailor. It was during the last war. Some years afterward Peggy gave me a little statue of the Blessed Mother which had been brought from Czechoslovakia. It was made of wax, and very delicate, and there was a golden watchspring-like halo around its head, and golden curly hair and a bright blue robe. How I loved that statue! Down in Staten Island in my little shore cottage I kept it on a shelf by the door with a vigil light burning in front of it.

Peggy also was a member of the Communist party at different times, but being an undisciplined creature and an artist I don't think she was a paid-up member for long.

★

One summer right after I became a Catholic I was taking care of a number of little boys from a school "for individual development." Together with Freda, my next-door neighbor, whose friend it was who ran the school, we took the responsibility for about a dozen boys between eight and twelve. Quite a few of them were children of Communist parents, and several of them have grown up now to be members of the Young Communist League. I used to read them the "Little Flowers of Saint Francis," which they enjoyed immensely, and they used to command each other "in the name of holy obedience" to perform this or that act of mischief. They also used to ask me to burn candles for them before the little blue statue of the Blessed Mother. Do any of them remember her now?

★

When my daughter was born almost eighteen years ago, I turned her over to the Blessed Mother. "What kind of a mother am I going to be?" I kept thinking to myself. "What kind of a Catholic home is she going to have, with only me?" And with the *Catholic Worker* movemen

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starting six years later the home problem was even more acute.

There was a solution of course to such a difficulty. "You," I told the Blessed Mother, "will have to be her mother. Under the best of circumstances I'm a failure as a homemaker. I'm untidy, inconsistent, undisciplined, temperamental, and I have to pray hard every day for final perseverance."

It is only these last few years that it has occurred to me why my daughter has never called me "mother." From the time she first spoke, it was "Dorothy." I'd think—"of course with no other children around calling me 'mother' it is natural for her to call me by my first name." I'd correct her but it did no good. Later on I'd ask her, "How will anyone know I'm your mother if you do not call me 'mother?' They'll think I adopted you. They'll think I'm your aunt or something." "I don't care," she would say firmly, "I just can't call you 'mother.'" And for a child really extremely obedient, it was hard to understand such stubbornness.

Once, in the little post office on Staten Island—she was four then—the postmistress said, "I'd like to hear a child of mine call me by my first name! I'd give it to her!"

When she was in convent school her brief letters began *"Dear Mother,"* but it was under compulsion. The Sisters would not let her write unless she so began. But away from school, the letters continue, "Dear Dorothy."

And then a few years ago, it came like a flash of light, "The Blessed Virgin Mary is Mother of my child. No harm can ever come to her with such a Mother."

National Communism

RUDOLF M. MORRIS

DURING these days, while the Moscow conference is in session, it is useful to examine closely one detail of Soviet foreign policy. The 'Free German Movement," fostered by the Kremlin, and its statements on the maintenance of a powerful German army once the war is over as well as the formation of the "Union of German Officers," which includes leading generals from the battle of Stalingrad, all have a certain significance.

It is surely timely to recall an episode in the 1918-1919 German revolution when an attempt was made to bring together a radical communism and a no less radical nationalism. The parallel with the present situation is striking.

The German collapse in November, 1918, precipitated by the revolt of sailors in Kiel and Hamburg, was followed by many revolutionary upheavals in other parts of the country, but the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, erected in imitation of the Russian soviets, were soon overwhelmed. As early as January, 1919, a national assembly had been elected which promulgated the Weimar Constitution, and thus Germany became a democratic state more or less similar to the Western democracies. A Government, made up of Social Democrats working with several middle class parties, signed the Versailles Treaty. The German Communist Party (known as "Spartakus") complied with orders from Moscow and softened its revolutionary tone, for the Bolshevik régime, still struggling against several White armies, had to water down radicalism at that stage in its development and therefore did not want a too strongly communist movement in Germany.

Hamburg was the only place—though very powerful in its influence—which witnessed a continuance of revolutionary aspirations throughout the year 1919. Under the leadership of two extremely able men, Heinrich Laufenberg and Fritz Wolffheim, the Hamburg communists continued to put up a fight for a German soviet system and the radical bolshevization of the Reich. Faced by a reestablished capitalist economy and by the Treaty of Versailles, which inflicted great sufferings on the German workers, they became *National*-Communists. Indeed the Hamburg section separated from the Spartakus party, linked with Moscow, and declared its independence. A brilliantly written pamphlet by Laufenberg and Wolffheim, entitled "Revolutionary People's War or Counter-Revolutionary Civil War?" was published on November 1, 1919, reprinted in June, 1920, and became the Magna Carta of the new group.

This pamphlet calls upon all Germans, especially workers, to set up a proletarian dictatorship, a soviet state, a workers' régime, as the only organization which could assure the concentration of all constructive forces upon rebuilding the country from within and breaking the chains which bound it without. The external implications of the internal changes called for are clearly stated: "Establishing the proletarian dictatorship means building up the German red army; building up the red army means war against the Entente." The pamphlet uses every means to convince the masses: it appeals emotionally to the resentments of a defeated nation and to its national self-consciousness, while at the same time including a profound analysis of the world situation, based upon keen reasoning.

"The November revolution showed how the popular masses were indignant over the loss of the war." Not only the revolutionary workers, but also parts of the army and of the bourgeoisie would gladly have made an alliance with Russia; but those who won out, here, on the home front were other groups who preferred a democratic constitution in order to please "Anglo-American

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high finance." "Thereby the German defeat, which did not take place on the battlefield, was definitely consummated. . . . It was brash high treason." The Treaty of Versailles, we are informed, already contained the germs of new wars. By its means "Germany became the mere passive victim of this war. . . . Over Germany's mutilated body roll the cannonballs of new conflicts—conflicts of world-wide scope."

The pamphlet goes on with a prophetic discussion of Far Eastern affairs. "Whereas Japan has never interfered directly in European quarrels and whereas the United States has tried to get out of them promptly, both being concerned with strengthening their own positions and preparing for the decisive battle (this is why the irreconcilable differences between these powers are for the moment not visible on the surface), the affairs of Eastern Europe are now coming to the forefront of international policy. . . . France and Great Britain, united only in desiring Germany's destruction, are wrestling for supremacy in Eastern Europe and the Near East."

Imperialistic rivalry between France and Great Britain is, in the eyes of the authors, the pivot around which the events of the future will turn. "The German revolution, on the wings of bourgeois cowardice and a lack of ideas, led to the peace of Versailles. The vitality of the proletarian revolution in Russia has its decisive repercussions on the energy and will-to-live of the German workers and pushes them forward toward a conquest of power and a union with Soviet Russia for common reconstruction. Russia's destiny depends upon Germany's, as Germany's depends upon Russia's. Only from the East can Germany's reconstruction be accomplished, because in the West French militarism and English imperialism block the road to freedom. The very fact of the Versailles Treaty, which can be destroyed only by a German proletarian revolution, proves that Germany's rehabilitation is possible only by fighting Western imperialism."

Laufenberg and Wolffheim do not neglect reference to the Bismarckian tradition, which always emphasized the necessity for a German-Russian alliance; they also point to the economic interdependence of the two countries. But they add that, whereas Bismarck's policy pursued particular interests favorable to certain capitalist and imperialist groups and hostile to the interest of the people, their own proposals tended toward a social and economic reconstruction for the benefit of the popular masses in both countries.

And insofar as they call for a people's war against the Western powers, the German red army to be united with the Russian, they appeal not only to the workers; their pamphlet seeks to stir up every variety of national and nationalistic passion. They were advocating *National* Communism.

Though they did not finally succeed in their efforts, it is worth while noting the favorable reaction of persons belonging to groups which later on formed the spearhead of the nazi movement. A certain Justizrat Fritz Krüpfgantz, an adherent of the Alldeutsche Verband (Pan-Germanic Association) wrote a pamphlet addressed to the then leader of German nationalist movements, General von Lettow-Vorback. It was entitled "Communism—A National Necessity," and is in the form of an open letter, which is dated: "Berlin-Lichtenberg, the day upon which Germany accepted the disarmament laws imposed upon her by the Entente." This was some months after the publication of the Laufenberg-Wolffheim pamphlet.

This open letter is one of the most curious documents in German history and can be properly appreciated only today, when the middle classes in Germany as in many other European countries are not only threatened with dissolution but are actually in its last stages. The Justizrat suggests that no opposition be made to Bolshevism but rather that a decision be taken in its favor. High finance enslaves everyone—the middle classes, the press, even the army. And the Western democracies will sooner or later meet the same fate. When compared with such a fate, communism loses all its horror. Everyone deeply concerned about the future of the German people should join the communist movement. Surely German communism will be established without too much terrorism or cruelty, for German communism differs from Russian bolshevism precisely as the German people, which betrays only partially a slight Roman-Celtic and Slavonic taint, differs from the Russian people with its strong Mongolian-Asiatic taint. (Krüpfgantz writes in horrible German, in a style rather similar to Hitler's, which it is utterly hopeless to reproduce in translation or paraphrase.)

The author therefore appeals to army officers, to civil servants, the "Bürgertum," the free professions and the farmers to join together in communism in order to avoid a civil war. To make his suggestions more palatable for the lower middle class, he points out that a communist economy would have the further advantage of depriving Jewry, "hereditarily so foreign to us (*der Abstammung nach*)" of the foundations of her power. "Is it not a shame that we, after having learned how Turks, Afghans, Persians, Indians, Mongols and the peoples of Africa adhere to the banners of communism for freedom's sake do nothing but whine like dogs?" General von Lettow-Vorback should appeal to the whole German people to join the communists so that there may follow a people's war against the foreign oppressors, against the Western democracies, instead of a counter-revolutionary and self-destructive civil conflict."

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Death and Birth

How France and Europe can find a future

Dorothy Thompson

IT IS not my purpose to apostrophize the beauties and glories of France. Many tributes have been paid as comforts to a France in distress, and by few more often than by me. But now we know that the day of physical liberation is approaching. The human mind begins early to discount events which it thinks are assured, even though their achievement is not yet accomplished. We now know on which side the weight of this war has fallen. And in the moment that we know this, our speculations turn upon the future.

Though today there is no France, in the sense of the political sovereignty of France herself, yet the future of France is being energetically discussed, in terms of actual political policy. The question is not: Will there *be* France, but *what* will that France *be?*

Thus, we have heard discussion regarding the possible creation of a "Latin bloc." An Italian newspaper close to the Badoglio government has proposed a kind of federation between Italy and France that might later include Spain. It is well known to his friends that Count Carlo Sforza has long cherished such a hope. Some words uttered in Corsica by General de Gaulle were interpreted as a hint of a French response to such a proposal. Since then circles around General de Gaulle have denied that France in the future can consider herself merely a Mediterranean power, or that her interests would be served by such federation.

So we see that the rôle of France, before she is liberated, becomes a diplomatic and political reality, with various viewpoints asserting themselves: shall France become a part of a Latin Federation; shall France seek to revive her old rôle in Europe of being a major continental power exercising controls through various alliances, such as one with Russia, with Britain, and perhaps with other Central and Eastern European states; or, shall France, concentrating upon her Empire, seek to ally herself with the Anglo-American naval and seapowers?

These questions are unanswerable for any foreigner, and I think also for any Frenchman at this moment. For they are hypothetical questions, raised in the diplomatic sphere, without knowledge of the main factor, namely, the spirit, the emotion and mind, that will eventually capture France herself.

The vivid and acrimonious partisanship that arises over leading personalities, such as those of General de Gaulle and General Giraud, are symptoms of this uncertainty, and a means of escape from the great question. A nation takes a single personality as a symbol and expression of itself only when it is not sure of what "itself" means. It is always the hope that the symbol will recreate the cohesion which is destroyed, or dormant, or disparate. Neither General de Gaulle nor General Giraud is "France." But since we do not know what France is, since we do not know what she will be, we quarrel over personalities, reposing in them great hopes, and also divergent visions of the future.

This is a strange state of affairs for a nation that is now certain that it will be counted amongst the victors. For, in history, victorious nations are self-conscious. Their confidence rests in themselves, rather than in leaders, however noble and even however wise.

Defeated nations look for a savior. And this is the anomaly of France. France has been defeated. The French defeat is an historic event that even her coming victory will not obliterate. The defeat of France is as important to her future as the coming victory of France. Both will have been major organic experiences of the nation.

★

It is not wise for French patriots or for any of us who love France to consider her defeat as merely a temporary setback. If we choose to write off, as a mere episodic incident, the deepest and most searing experience of the whole population of France, we shall be unable to diagnose the necessities of France.

The brutal, terrible truth is that one France died. And the question is not one of revival but of resurrection. If we try to apply artificial respiration to drowned France, we may coax back sufficient breath to keep a lingering patient alive for another generation under constant outside nursing, and with frequent relapses. That is not what I covet for France. Rather would I recognize that France died, and that France will not live again, but be born again.

Now, lest this statement be taken as cruel, let

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us recognize that death and birth are great—the two greatest experiences of ever-renewing life. "Except a grain of seed fall into the ground and die it cannot bring forth fruit," says a passage of the Bible, which seeks to explain the miracle of resurrection. This question of defeat is the answer to the question of victory. For it is not victory merely to be on the winning side of a war. It is victory to be on the winning side of history.

History is whimsical. She sometimes short-circuits the triumphant to put the fruits of victory into the hands of the defeated. Victory as often blinds as envisions.

I will give you an example from recent history. In the last war Russia was amongst the defeated nations—disastrously defeated; territorially mutilated; despised and repudiated by both her conquerors and her allies; counted only grudgingly amongst the victors, and kept out of the family of the victorious for more than twenty years. Yet Russia consummated her defeat and today many are already fearful of the magnitude of her victory.

Germany, on the other hand, was also defeated. But she did not consummate and digest her defeat. An experience of death out of which she could have been reborn was repudiated. It did not happen, she said. I never died, she said. She could have cured herself of all the diseases of the Kaiserreich that converged together into her defeat. But by repudiating her experience, she retained the bacteria of her decomposition. And so she dies again in an agony not to be compared with her last experience. Instead of turning defeat into victory, death into life, she has turned defeat into more defeat and one death into another death.

Therefore, I say to France: it is your unique experience—an experience shared by lesser and younger nations but by no major power, to have known both defeat and victory in the same cosmic test, to have access therefore to both the wisdom arising for the strong out of all defeats, and the opportunity arising out of victory. It is the historic chance of France to combine both experiences.

The defeat of France was the breakdown of an organism. I am not among those who say that the fall of France was due only or chiefly to inherent diseases. France succumbed to overwhelmingly superior force. But the resistance to that force was the resistance of an enfeebled organism. It was an organism whose eyes were myopic, for it was unable to see its situation. France was riddled with class strife; engrossed, like a retired pensioner, with the exclusive idea of comfort and security; confused in its usually lucid mentality, for it could neither see the power of its enemy nor the power of its most useful ally. I do not speak with any sense of self-righteousness or superiority of nationality. The disease of France was the disease of Western civilization, and but for the grace of God and of geography, there go all of us. The first of us, of the West, to fall was therefore a symbol, sacrifice and warning for all of us and a call to come to our senses.

What is the cause of these diseases? The diagnosis of the disease is very important, not only for France, but for all of us. The defeat is as important as the victory, because unless we know what caused the defeat our victory will be ephemeral.

One hundred and fifty years ago, France was the creator of a new idea, a new spirit and a new life for Europe. And it was this idea that was the breath of life to France. France was the creator of the modern nation, based upon the sovereignty of the people, and not of the kings. France was the creator, for Europe, of the modern spirit of enterprise, which overthrew the rigid controls of economic as well as political absolutisms. France was the creator of the free intellect—in all fields of human endeavor—freed of any controls whatsoever in terms of force and power, subject only to its own inherent controls of reason, logic, harmony and beauty.

But the force of these ideas had dissipated itself, had become alloyed with base interests. What had been a creative force, bursting the bonds of Europe, destroying and resurrecting, had become a tradition, expressed itself in various static institutions, and a technicality, which the clever could turn to their own ends. The form was there, but the content was polluted.

Freedom of enterprise had become a word, piously mouthed by the worst stranglers of enterprise, the industrial and financial monopolists. Freedom of speech had become a means of splitting the nation by conflicting propagandas, losing sight of the only function of free speech which is to tell the truth and spread light. The right of the people to govern themselves had deteriorated into the right of the parties to govern in the interest of cliques. And nationalism, once the most progressive and liberating force, which broke the chains of dynasties, to whom countries were merely areas of exploitation and dynastical horse trading, had become the instrument for egotistic reaction, and economic alliances and wars. I am not describing only France. I am describing all of us. But since none has suffered so much from these diseases as France, from France we can hope for something new.

History shows us that the vitality of a nation does not depend upon its outward panoplies of power. The vitality creates the power and not the power the vitality. We have seen around us, for the past twenty-five years, nations with every resource, every possibility, standing still in their tracks with their eyes consciously turned away

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from every challenge and every opportunity. Class strife is the price a nation pays when it has no purpose to which all classes are directing their efforts. Unity is created by a common goal —not by a lot of people preaching about it.

Now I believe that, however sooner or later, the people of France, when they rise from the grave in which they have been buried, will rise to a new France—a very new France. And I believe that only those who have suffered with France, physically or imaginatively, and really suffered, suffered the pains of death, will rise again with her. There is an old saw that says of the individual, "He who is prepared to live many lives, must die many deaths." That is true for an individual and it is also true for a nation. And that is particularly true for France, as an historical phenomenon.

The historic curve of France is a curve of peaks and declivities. Some nations and cultures move slowly through history, on more or less even keel. Their progress is evolutionary. Great Britain is the most obvious illustration—a country which has not known a drastic revolution for three hundred years, though she has absorbed the revolutions of others. But that is not the temperament of France, which is moved by polarities, and often has taken great leaps in history. The history of France is dramatic. Therefore if France, with her great gift of lucidity and self-consciousness, wholly accepts the reality of her defeat, as a fact in her national experience, that remains a fact regardless of victory, that acceptance will be revolutionary. That *is* the revolution, from which the political consequences will inevitably be drawn.

The consequences that must be drawn in the internal structure of France are more or less obvious. There is no hope for France in the continuation and expansion of the industrial and financial practices which conspired for her agony. There is no hope for France in the political cliquism which atomized her political cohesion. There is no hope for France in the petty ideas of comfort and security which permeated her middle classes, and made "petit" the leading French adjective. There is no hope for France in Pétainism, which asks France to translate her defeat into terms of lingering invalidism and self-contempt. And there is no hope for France in those supernationalists who wish again to proclaim chauvinism in the place of patriotism.

★

The hope of France lies in the emergence out of suffering, humiliation and defeat, of a new and young intellectual leadership who, in their minds, have ruthlessly analyzed this major catastrophe of France, and draw conclusions from it. I believe that those leaders will arise, because I believe in France. What France has always had were men who could think and think with ruthless lucidity, and I have faith that this catastrophe will re-create them. These men must have something else, that the disinterested intellect usually rejects under normal circumstances: they must have the will and determination to lead, in terms of actual power. Every new birth in the realm of politics has been brought about in the first place in a relatively few intellects. The French Revolution was the creation of the French encyclopedists. The American Revolution was the creation of a dozen minds. So was the Russian.

These leaders will establish direct, not indirect contact with the people. It is entirely unlikely that they will revive broken down and discredited political machines and persons as liaisons between themselves and the masses of the people.

But who are the masses of the people, in France?

They are the peasants who have always been the backbone of France. They are the workers in the factories suffering now, for years, under the blows of enemy and friend. They are the students in the universities. They are the teachers from the lowest schools to the highest university chairs. They are the people who have all, without exception, had a common experience, and who therefore all, without exception, have one common bond. And the problem of the new leadership is not the problem of how to unite these people already united in common suffering, but how to behave in a manner that will not disunite them.

Now, out of this community, which France is, there may arise again a strong nation, which as a whole, must realize one thing: This that we have suffered has been suffered by *all* of Europe. Our final victory could not have been won by us alone. In the deepest sense of the word, all of Europe has been defeated in this war. The clashing nationalisms of Europe have been a direct cause of this war, and we have been saved by nations outside Europe.

No European nation can depend upon a repetition of this miracle—to be salvaged from outside. I am an American, but I would say this: nations and cultures which depend for their protection and salvation upon others become too easily the slaves or instruments of others. There are various degrees of benevolence amongst one's protectors, but the very word "protector" has come by now to stink to heaven.

So, if a country has had the historic experience that it cannot stand alone, and if it does not wish a protector, it must enlarge its community, and integrate its strength and vision with those of others in the same boat.

The other day a great Frenchman and a great European died, they say, in a concentration camp. I would quote his words to you and to France and

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bid that his memory be paid the tribute of heeding them. Romain Rolland said, "Europe must broaden or perish." Never were his words so true as now.

The movement of the world is toward the creation of wider political unities. The nations of yesterday are too small for equality with the nations that have developed and come to maturity in the last century. Any European nation, including the largest, is small compared with the three great empires of today: The British, the Soviet Union, and the United States. I use the word "empire" for want of a better description of integrated power areas. At this moment Europe is a battleground, for the great sea and air powers of Britain and America, and the great land power of Russia. Nothing worse, short of subjugation to the Germans, could happen to Europe than that she should be divided into spheres of influence between any of these great empires.

And to my mind, little worse could happen than that Europe should lose her personality and her spirit in merging with any of them.

Continental Europe has a characteristic form of life, which through all her vicissitudes, has given her face, her beauty and her creative power. Characteristic of Europe is unity with diversity. Not the monolithic structure, but the infinitely diverse is hers. But this diversity has not, in the past, in many of her greatest epochs, precluded the existence of a profound unity.

To achieve unity for Europe—not by the hegemony of a single power, but in the revolutionary spirit of freedom and equality—what European nation can take the lead, if it be not France? Can Germany do it? Or Belgium? Or defeated Italy? Is not France of the very flesh and blood of Europe? Is not Paris the second home of every European heart?

Shall France revive only herself, or shall she roll away the stone from the grave of a battered Europe, dead of her brother's hand, and dead of a broken heart, and bring with her own resurrection, the resurrection, the new birth, of the civilization of which she is the symbol and the pride?

De Gaulle has chosen the cross of Jeanne d'Arc, the Flag of Lorraine. One day it will be dipped again to the Tricolor. But then I pray that this cross, itself the symbol of death and resurrection, will be lifted above all the flags of Europe, as the symbol of unity in diversity, and Victory in Defeat.

The Frontier Issue—Letters

AS A RESULT of our editorial in THE COMMONWEAL for October 15 on the question of Russia's western frontier after the war, we have received a wide range of comments from readers. Space is insufficient to print all of them or even to print several of them complete, and so we have taken the liberty of extracting what seemed to us the most interesting passages from these letters and presenting them as a contribution to the debate. We expect that very shortly a full length reply from an official Polish source will likewise be available for publication.

An American priest writes: "I am glad you brought out the points you did about Poland. They are very pertinent, and I have found Polish patriots not very clear when you refer to them in conversation." One of the longer letters we received seems definitely to represent this same patriotic Polish point of view. It is written from Owoso, Mich., and its author is Miss Esther Usakowski:

> A careful study will clear Poland of the counts alleged against her. They look bad on paper and betray a weak diplomacy, but even the Vatican and Downing Street were in an awkward position.
>
> The Vilna grief isn't worth the ink! Lithuanian rulers of Poland from Jagiello to Pilsudski brought it on. Today's Poles are quite willing to part with Vilna, its Polish population and culture notwithstanding.
>
> Polish "anti-semitism" was forced on her during captivity under holy Russia and Germany and proved a good wedge for Berlin and Moscow. However, Polish history takes in a thousand years. For seven centuries Poland harbored the Hebrews when the world treated them as outcasts. The day has come for Jewish wealth and power to return the favor. The Poles and Jews know well that unless we act quickly the words of a high German official will come true. "Whether we win the war or not, one thing is sure: not a single Jew and very few Poles will be left in Europe."
>
> The conditions among the Latins, Uniates and Schismatics in Russian and Austrian Poland had better be described by Polish saints Josaphat and Bobola. I say that the late Pius XI understood the Polish side better than Donald Attwater. Moreover, light should be thrown on Berlin and Moscow scheming in Cossack Ukraine and Polish Galicia before Bishop Szepticky is canonized a martyr. Polish Bishops and missionaries have a conscience too. While the French and Belgians have proved repeatedly that patriotism can be a virtue among clerics and not a monopoly of anti-clericals.
>
> During its twenty years the Polish government did not even begin to undo the loot of the monasteries and churches, or the intense russification and germanization which captive Poland endured for one hundred and fifty years. The very mention of restitution was called chauvinism and persecution by the Wilhelmstrasse and the German-agitated Ruthenians in Galicia. The Poles were of course to practice the counsels of the Gospel and turn the other cheek.

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Catholic Poland was surrounded by dissenters: on the north by Sweden, on the west by Prussia, on the east by Russia and Cossack Ukraine which, though dependent on Poland, was schismatic; on the south by the Mussulman and Tartar hordes. Although the vast territory stretching from Moscow to the Adriatic formed a great obstacle to the expansion of the infidel, it was soon to become the scene of the fierce struggle between the Eastern and Western Churches. At least Poland was not the cause of the split between Rome and Constantinople. Moscow, on the other hand, had become the spiritual heir of Byzantium which had fallen into the hands of the Turks in 1453. It became then the directive center and the high protector of the Schism, as it is today of the militant godless. Wasn't Polish emphasis on Latin culture a straw of self-preservation in the storm of oriental schism?

Poland was too western for the Cossacks and too eastern for the Teutonic Knights. She was damned for not turning Lutheran, hated for not falling into schism, cursed for not admiring the Uniate liturgy, and crucified that Prussia and Russia might have *lebensraum*. With all the forthcoming guarantees and charters, Germany and Russia should renounce their thefts and no longer devour Poland.

Mr. Frank Cullen Brophy, of Phoenix, Arizona, finds that our editorial is an "interesting reflection of the liberal mind." He then proceeds to point to some of the inconsistencies of those whom he labels liberals and associates our point of view entirely with the "liberals." This is somewhat puzzling to us since we have rarely agreed with liberal excoriations of recent years in the field of foreign affairs. Mr. Brophy's point of view undoubtedly reflects the more extreme reactions of many Americans who were formerly isolationist:

In recent months the liberal mind has had to strain at a few gnats—the "traitor" Darlan and the "moronic little King" for example—but now "The Frontier Issue" seems to suggest we may have to prepare to swallow a camel. It appears that Poland, for whose territorial integrity some of our allies declared war, may have to receive the "solution of expediency" or become the beneficiary of "the best, the most just bargain" we can make with Russia. Failing this the liberal mandate appears to be that America must prepare to make war against Russia—"a war of attrition by air which would involve destruction on a scale we have not yet dreamed, and such a war could last for a generation, ending in the ruin of everything we know." This indeed is a frightful prospect, but it might well be a very logical conclusion to the chain of events which have built up from the product of the liberal mind.

From Emory University in Georgia Mrs. James L. Morrison writes a letter tending to deflate the Polish position and tending likewise to indicate that in so far as the Polish-Russian frontier is concerned, it is dubious whether a real question of principle is involved:

Certainly, the Poles have suffered unspeakable crimes under Nazi rule, but that should not make us romanticize concerning the Poland before 1939. Poland was not a representative democracy in any sense that we understand it. In 1930 the Parliament was dissolved and a government formed with Pilsudski as Prime Minister and Beck as Minister without Portfolio. They were never able to get enough votes to adopt a new Constitution. Poland was next given an authoritarian democracy and a constitutional system providing for the "solidarity of the élite" in which the Senate was elected by a distinguished but exclusive voting list. Elections were boycotted in protest when these provisions were on the ballots. Poland in 1939, faced by opposition to the government by large numbers of the people (notably the peasants and socialists) and by discontented minorities, was on the verge of severe civil disorder.

The Polish people must have freedom for the development of self-governing institutions, but pre-war Poland was not geographically, politically or racially united. The problems which caused the internal crisis in Poland and contributed much to the swift downfall of the country must be solved and must be faced realistically before a just government or a peaceful government can come to Poland. Russians and Poles are traditionally supposed to hate one another and they have legitimate differences. However, the unreasoning fear of Pan-Slavism and the "bogey" Bolshevism will have to be abandoned by the Poles if they want to live at peace with their neighbors.

One national group, at least, is pleased with our point of view. An American Ukrainian leader, George Bachur, of Lansing, Mich., writes us in gratitude:

The recent dispute between the Polish Government-in-Exile and the Soviet Union over the so-called "Eastern Poland" shows the imperialistic designs of both greedy neighbors on the historically and ethnically Ukrainian lands. The Ukrainian people too are struggling to destroy the chains of their oppressors whether they are German, Russian or Polish . . . Your journal is one of the very few which took the trouble to indicate that the disputed territories do not belong to the Poles nor the Russians—but they belong primarily and historically to the Ukrainian people who inhabit them. Thanks for splendid and fearless thoughts on the plight of the Ukrainian people in the former Polish State!

From New York, Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn takes very intelligent exception to our attitude:

I don't think that the USSR has a case at all, except from an ideological point of view. I do not even consider strategic argument because Soviet control of the area seized in 1939 delayed the German advance only five days.

We must bear in mind that the portion of Poland demanded by Russia comprises fifty-two per cent of pre-war Poland. It comprises more than the territory acquired by Russia during the three partitions, and even in 1921, territories which prior to the partitions were Polish remained in the hands of the USSR. The Poles have a relative majority (being the largest single ethnic group) in East Poland. But of course I believe ethnic borders are mostly nonsense. There has never been a more just treaty on this score than the agreement made at Munich in 1938.

I trust you realize that the Curzon Line was merely a demarkation arbitrarily drawn (and not by Lord Curzon himself) beyond which the Soviet armies were warned not to advance in 1920. It was never intended to be a border. The original Hitler-Stalin Line went through Warsaw; it was only when the USSR hesitated to attack on September 1 and delayed until September 17 that a new line was agreed upon.

Poland grabbed nothing from Lithuania; Vilna has been a Polish city at least since the fifteenth century. Poland occupied Teschen rightfully; it was grabbed by the Czechs in 1920 while the Red Army was over-running

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Poland, and England urged the Poles to take this area so that it might not fall into German hands.

Misrule of minorities is doubtless bad, but on that score Mississippi and Alabama should have been ceded to Liberia years ago. Anti-Semitism was much weaker in Poland than it is now in the US. I could not imagine a hotel for Gentiles only or Polish resorts "for a highly restricted clientele."

Why not have a real plebiscite and let East Poland decide? How do you imagine semi-autonomy in East Poland would work out—with foreign affairs and the army in Soviet hands? Soviet military occupation was in force in the Baltic States and we saw the result; it ended in annexation. Russia is a very dynamic country and is "all out." If you hand fifty-two per cent of Poland to the USSR and permit the Soviets thus to enter Central Europe, you will soon see the remaining smaller states looking willy-nilly to Germany for support, and the stage for the Third World War will be set.

From the Catholic University, Professor Karl Herzfeld writes to correct a statement we made about the Silesian Plebiscite:

In your editorial occurs the sentence: "Thus undoubtedly Poland was cheated in the Silesian Plebiscite thanks to use of force by German nationalists." The facts of the matter are: "Article 88 of the Versailles Treaty ordered a plebiscite in Upper Silesia. On February 1, 1920, the country was occupied by Allied troops. August 20, 1920, Polish groups under Korfanty attempted to seize the country by force. The plebiscite was held March 20, 1921, under supervision of the Allies, over 700,000 voting for Germany, under 500,000 for Poland.

When at the end of April, 1921, the report spread that Poland would get only two counties, Korfanty at the head of an armed force occupied the whole southeastern part of the country and declared himself dictator. A further Polish advance was stopped in pitched battles by a German volunteer force. The French troops of occupation favored this Polish attempt to create a *fait accompli* —as was later done with Vilna—while the British insisted on respect for the Plebiscite. After fruitless Allied negotiations with Korfanty the Allied troops of occupation were increased, whereupon Korfanty's bands disintegrated. The division of Silesia was made so that in the Polish portion lived 280,000 people who had voted for Germany, in the German portion 200,000 who had voted for Poland. Seventy-five per cent of the wealth of Silesia went to Poland. These facts do not agree with the statement in the editorial.

An American of Lithuanian descent, who has long been a student of Scandinavian and Baltic affairs, proposes as solution for the problem what he calls a "Balto-Scandian Confederation":

This would comprise the following member nations: Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Each nation would retain its own identity and government. But there would be a central governing council of ministers, selected in a democratic fashion and each member nation being equally represented. The Confederation would have a single foreign policy, to be directed by the central council and a single army, drawn from all the member states. There would be no trade barriers or customs duties between the member nations. There would be religious freedom and all would have a common currency. The entire area could be developed as an economic unit with the people of the Confederation constituting a vast new market for American, Russian and British goods. Any disputes between member nations or between a member nation and one of the large neighboring nations could be brought before an Arbitration Commission, consisting of American, Russian and British members.

Naturally some boundary questions will arise. Finland should be permitted to retain Viipuri and also have a fringe on the northern shore of Lake Ladoga. Soviet Russia and Poland could be allowed the use of East Prussia after the war. Under the suggested plan, Soviet Russia would have a corridor to the Baltic Sea; the northern boundary of which would be the Russ River, the East Prussia border, the Suvalki border and the Niemen River, and the southern boundary the Vistula River, the East Prussia border, and the Narew and Pripyat Rivers.

This entire corridor would constitute East Prussia, governed by a commission composed of a Polish, British and Russian member, with a diet and senate elected by the people of that territory which in turn would be a member state in an Eastern Confederation with Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Father Edward McMenamin from Styrum, N. D., asks three questions, the answers to which he believes must determine whether we can have a just peace within the territories its seems likely Russia will demand.

(1) Is the religion of the peoples in question to be guaranteed free expression and full growth? (2) Are the personal rights of the individual, civic, political, economic, and social to be insured? (3) Are the national, racial, diplomatic and sovereign rights of the peoples of the territory to be preserved?

And finally, from New York, Father H. A. Reinhold makes some interesting points and ends on a note of puzzlement. He writes:

We approach the rights of the small border states from the ethnical and national standpoint. In this respect Russia has a rather good record. Stalin himself was Commissar for Nationalities, and as such devised the federative idea on a national base. Being himself no Russian, but a Georgian, whose accent always aroused Trotsky's scorn, he seems to have done a good job, at least on paper. Languages, local cultures and folk customs seem to have been well protected and are guaranteed in the last Soviet Constitution. One could even imagine that religious aspirations, as long as the churches are willing to be subservient to the new Patriarch, are among the things which will be locally protected.

And too often we forget the wording of the 1936 Constitution as well as the fact that all reports agree that the USSR is a mixed state, compounded of state socialism, cooperatively owned enterprises and limited private property. That is a régime not so far removed from conditions in the Baltic States, especially in Finland, as it is from American traditions. After all, all Europe is economically far closer to socialism than is the United States. And all Russia's European neighbors in the Baltic area, except Poland, have had very radical agrarian reforms, including the expropriation of landlords, between 1919 and 1939.

But here are quite other questions: Where is the autonomy of a small state when it is militarily occupied and subject to constant pressure from without and within? Can you imagine what we understand by freedom existing in a small occupied country?

If the peace to follow this war even approaches the points outlined by Pius XII, why should the USSR need these advanced bastions? Would it not be better to work

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out international guarantees with real teeth in them? And finally, what about the rights of the small nations long since incorporated in Russia and all acquired by Czarist imperialism? It is all very confusing to me. Would Lithuania or Latvia have our sympathies if they were now in the position long occupied by Georgia, Azerbaijan, Chuvash, or the Kalmuk republics? Are we concerned with principles?

Communications

LIBRARY SUBSCRIPTIONS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Some years ago while I was riding across the farm of the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky, with the Abbot, we passed a corn-stalk with an ear of corn on it lying on the road. It had fallen from one of the harvest wagons without the monks seeing it. The Abbot, however, noticed it and the corn-stalk was saved. Although God had blessed the Abbey with hundreds of tons of fodder, not so much as a single ear must be wasted that could be used in His service.

It would be well if Catholic laymen would follow this example in their use of our Catholic food for thought, the Catholic press. Not a single piece should be thrown away that could be stored in our silos of ideas, the libraries, for the use of students.

The new edition of the "Union List of Serials" indicates that back files of THE COMMONWEAL are being preserved in 236 libraries. This is more than twice as many as preserve any other Catholic magazine. However, in not all cases are the files kept up-to-date, for every library has more demands on its budget than it can well meet.

Many readers of THE COMMONWEAL do not preserve the back issues. Would it not be a good plan to help make God manifest in some of our secular institutions by contributing used numbers to represent Catholic thought in these seats of learning? Since THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature," every article published will become readily available to the students.

Among the institutions that have a back file of THE COMMONWEAL but are not current subscribers are:

Rutgers University Library, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Kansas State Library, Topeka, Kansas.

University of Toronto Library, Toronto, Canada.

Smith College Library, Northampton, Massachusetts.

West Virginia University Library, Morgantown, West Virginia.

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Brown University Library, Providence, Rhode Island.

Dickinson College Library, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

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All of these libraries would undoubtedly welcome the issues of THE COMMONWEAL sent weekly or accumulated and mailed when a volume is completed each six months.

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The Stage & Screen

Othello

IN MANY WAYS this will be, I think, the most beautiful Shakespeare you have ever heard. The Theater Guild stars Paul Robeson in it and lists it as "The Margaret Webster Production of Othello," which is exactly what it is; for Miss Webster has cast, sharpened and cut it to a particular theme and it emerges indeed as a director's show. Moreover, since both she and Mr. Robeson announced the "plan" in pre-opening articles published in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* theater pages, it was especially interesting to watch them on Wednesday night at the Shubert, accomplishing exactly what they said they would.

As announced, Miss Webster bases her production on "the profound racial difference" existing between the Moor and his Venetian companions, a theme which is certainly intrinsic to the play although whether it can be built into the whole play or not must remain for you to see. (And I hope very much you will see it and judge for yourselves.) Here for instance, we are presented with a business-like Iago under-playing (throwing away) his opening speeches of hate and thwarted ambition, and with an Othello beginning his bewilderment in the court-room; so that the ensuing doings seem to rear into a conflict between these two protagonists, rather than resolving into a bloody doom prepared for the honest man by the evil one.

All this results in a performance which is fast, neat, breathtaking at times, and Miss Webster's theory is considerably helped by Robert Edmond Jones's subtle designs, although certainly her actors are not. My chief quarrel with the director's conception concerns the part of Mr. Robeson, whose stature and ability as an actor seemed to me to be only partially employed in the production as it stands. Perversely enough, it does not wholly matter to me that Othello is a Moor, i.e., a "colored" man. What also matters (and what certainly mattered to Shakespeare) is that this Moor is in addition a great and successful warrior, although nowhere in the eight scenes on view in Forty-fourth Street are we made especially aware of that fact. This is an "Othello" of terrors, with no splendors beyond his golden robe, and, most of all, with none of the soldier's decisiveness which must be so largely responsible for the terrible dénouement. Even the heroic "farewell" soliloquy seemed to lack point here, since the reason for it was not made apparent, and I cannot imagine why Miss Webster did not cut it entirely. It is true that Mr. Robeson is badly hampered by the sets in which he finds himself; they are narrow and fiddling and would give no real opportunity to a man of action to act in. Playing his most gigantic scenes always between the same table and chair and under the same diffused lighting, he has no choice but to remain static and planted; whereas his equipment—magnificent voice, magnificent physique—could certainly have been used to greater advantage under more varied circumstances. As things stand now, Mr. Robeson's acute and sensitive reading of the part is an experience which no one should miss, although I think it is a reading which arouses only the more soft emotion of pity for his character of the Moor, rather than the anger and participatory moral rage which the character should surely gain. And which would make the play seem a tragedy to the public as well as for the people on the stage.

For the rest, the "Iago" of José Ferrer is an extremely skillful job. Mr. Ferrer can move as well as read lines, and somewhere between now and "Vickie" he has developed style. I thought Jame Monks's "Cassio" rather unsuccessful, mainly because his expression of perpetual surprise does not inspire confidence, a quality which the part most certainly demands. However, Uta Hagen's "Desdemona," Miss Webster's "Emilia" and William Woodson's "Montano" were all noteworthy and I am very pleased to note them herewith. And the excellence of the diction was, I am sure, as much a part of Miss Webster's scheme as everything else. *(At the Shubert.)*

The Naked Genius

THE TRICK about this is that Gipsy Rose as author and George Kaufman as director have managed to deliver some fun about a burlesque artist without any play at all. And I rather agree that Michael Todd, the producer, was right in bringing it in without waiting until it should somehow be improved. As a matter of fact, I don't think it could be improved but merely begun all over again. The proceedings, such as they are, are essentially vulgar although I think anyone who could take the Carole Lombard movie of a few years back, "Nothing Sacred," could get through this one. The advantages are one or two very funny lines and Kaufman situations, a brilliant set by Frederick Fox, and my favorite actress, Doro Merande. This in addition to Joan Blondell who is, I think, one of the really good comedians in the business. Miss Blondell displays the unique quality of actually *listening* on the stage, which is not only refreshing but interesting to watch. On the debit side is the silliness of the whole thing. *(At the Plymouth.)*

KAPPO PHELAN.

One Good Gripe; Three Fair Films

BEFORE discussing this week's routine feature films (and routine is the word for them) I should like to register a complaint. My gripe is this: the members of the Armed Forces, and *only* they, are seeing the best series of films on the war. I have no argument with the Armed Forces about this; I think it is fine that they are able to see these orientation films called "Why We Fight." It was my good fortune to see the latest item: *"The Battle of Russia."* Cinematically and editorially this is an outstanding documentary film. The fine shots which are expertly cut, the music, the script, work together to use cinema to best advantage. The religious and political situation of present-day Russia are pretty well slighted or overlooked; but perhaps the film is not the proper medium in which to thrash out these important questions. But "The Battle of Russia" does succeed in conveying the

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scale, grandeur and military achievements of a country that covers one sixth of the earth and includes 193 million people in its boundaries. The film does this by using shots from feature films, newsreels, new material and footage captured from the enemy; shots which include other historical examples of Russia's resistance to invaders (1242, 1704, 1756, 1812, 1914), today's Russians at play and at work, the country's total mobilization, the invasion of the Germans, the siege of Moscow, the persevering fight put up by our allies, the shattering of the legend of nazi invincibility and finally the thrilling heroism of the people in the sieges at Leningrad and Stalingrad. "The Battle of Russia" illustrates well the policy used so effectively as the Russians retreated: what cannot be withdrawn must be destroyed. It also illustrates an important point that the Germans overlooked: generals win campaigns, but peoples win wars.

"The Battle of Russia is Number 5 in these orientation films being made by the Special Service Division of the War Department. The entire group is being produced by Lieutenant Colonel Frank Capra; and this particular one was directed by Lieutenant Colonel Anatole Litvak. In May, the first item in this series, "Prelude to War," was released for the general public. It was an excellent cinematization of what started the war. But unfortunately the film received little encouragement or backing from the movie companies, distributors or theaters. Regardless of this cold reception, I think the other chapters should be released. Since these films are the official view of the War Department, we have a right to know what they say, and since those in the series which I have seen are such excellent examples of motion picture, we should all have the privilege of viewing them for ourselves.

★

The Betty Grable movies are all pretty much alike. If you liked the others, you will probably like *"Sweet Rosie O'Grady."* It is in the usual lush technicolor, has some good songs by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren which are sung and danced well by Betty, and it is set in the usual plush past and is full of the usual anachronisms in expensive costumes and scenic effects. Its main differences are that Robert Young, who plays her leading man, and Director Irving Cummings and Producer William Perlberg went about their jobs with their tongues in their cheeks. Consequently the result sparkles as if it were a parody of the usual Grable opus. This time Betty starts out at the top of the ladder and works down. Famous on the London operetta stage, she returns to New York to find that a fresh reporter (Young) on the *Police Gazette* has exposed her past as Rosie O'Grady, the burlesque queen. To get even Betty gives out the story that she returned to New York to marry Robert. To get even Robert writes the song we know as "Sweet Rosie O'Grady." To get even Betty makes fun of Robert and the *Police Gazette* in her new show. So they fall in love, etc. Some of this banter is in bad taste that the 1880's would never have stood for. Cummings's direction moves along with speed, so you won't yawn or think about the clichés. The dances, staged by Hermes Pan, are lively; and the two best songs are a gay ditty called "Goin' to the County Fair" and a 1943 swoon tune, "My Heart Tells Me."

Donald O'Connor is really a very capable entertainer, and I feel sure that he will eventually appear in films worthy of his talents. His newest picture does little more than give him an opportunity to display a sample. In *"Top Man,"* Donald plays a lively teen-age youngster who is liked by his highschool friends and worried about and loved by his family. But when his father joins the Navy, Don stops playing around, starts studying, and seriously assumes the position of top man in his family. Finally he gathers all his companions and leads them to work at an aircraft plant in their out-of-school hours. Director Charles Lamont paints his picture with a thick brush. The lines are too fast and wise; and the kids are too jazzy at first and too smooth when they go patriotic. Richard Dix, Lillian Gish, Susanna Foster help the cast along; and Peggy Ryan, as Don's sister, proves effective as a dancing partner and foil for Don's cracks. But the film's brightest spots are supplied by this O'Connor boy; his lecture on terpsichore (with illustrations, of course) is worth sitting through the film's less entertaining gestures.

As for *"I Dood It"* you'd better be sure you like Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell because they play the leads and you see a lot of them. It concerns an assistant in a valet service who is hopelessly in love with a stage star (Miss Powell) who marries him just to spite her philandering fiancé. This thin story gives Red plenty of opportunity to turn on his particular brand of humor. In one episode he is at his best. While Eleanor Powell, Richard Ainley and John Hodiak go through their paces in the show-within-the-show, Red, sitting for his sixty-fifth performance in the first row of the audience, explains the play speech by-speech to those sitting nearby and mimics the stage actors to perfection. Unfortunately Director Vincente Minnelli doesn't give us many moments of such lovely lunacy. There's a long and rather unfunny slapstick scene in which Red tries to get Eleanor to bed after she's taken sleeping powders on their wedding night and there's another rather tedious sequence in which Red grapples with a saboteur. Miss Powell dances well, but without warmth. Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra carry on with some passable musical numbers, and the whole thing winds up with a super-duper finale on an oversized stage. The musical part of this film wakes up in a big way when a group of Negro entertainers come to the theater to try out for a show. At the piano Hazel Scott bangs out "Taking a Chance on Love" in rhythms that are wonderful to hear. This is followed by Lena Horne's

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leading the chorus in an excellent arrangement of the Leo Robin-Richard Myers "Jericho." After this first-rate number, the film relaxes again to its humdrum course.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

FLOWER OF EVIL. *Edwin Morgan. Sheed.* $3.00.

INDIGO. *Christine Weston. Scribners.* $2.50.

HOUSE OF BREAD. *C. J. Eustace. Longmans.* $2.25.

Baudelaire

BAUDELAIRE'S is not an easy life to write. When a man has spent a life building railroads, painting pictures, the pictures and the railroads are his monument. There may be a relationship between his achievement and the hidden workings of his heart, there surely is such a relationship, but the biographer is not forced to attempt an explanation of the relationship. Just as the railroads are there so are the poems. Sometimes the poems are there unaccompanied by any memory of the poet; they are there and we do not know who wrote them. Sometimes also the poet is as vividly present in our minds as are his poems. Even more so. One cannot think of "Cynara" without seeing Dowson, the barmaid and the gutter; Byron gallops along the Venetian beach, dies at Missolonghi even when the cadence of "Don Juan" is silenced in our minds; smoke from the funeral pyre at Viareggio drifts out to sea, drifts back above the beach, rising, and all the funeral pyres of India serve only to remind us of that morning in Italy; Mr. Morgan calls his book "Flower of Evil," and even without the singular for flowers, the title would recall Baudelaire the man and not his poems alone.

Such is the tribute we always make, admiring the creator in creation. The process always involves mystery. The connection is always mysterious. And in artistic creation there is no revelation to assist us. A man lives and a man writes. You tell the story of a man's life and you try to relate that life to what the man has written. A dangerous business. Trespassing into a man's heart. But because the heart of man, which is something only God can know, is also the object of our most natural and deep concern, inevitably we seek to penetrate its secrets.

That is why when someone like Mr. Edwin Morgan reads deeply into Baudelaire's heart, we are extremely interested yet must insist on the entirely provisional and tentative values of his judgments. For Baudelaire, dying, there is but one immediate judgment and it is not made by man. "He sat for hours at his window, with his mother's great silver crucifix by him, looking steadily up into the clouds. The smile, the stare into the clouds which answered Asselineau's frequent question as to whether he could be of use to him, indicated that he was putting all his faith in God . . ." Possibly. We do not know.

What we do know we know best from the poems. Baudelaire was a moralist. He was intensely conscious of all the moral values which Christianity has emphasized. He knew what sin is and what purity means. He used the words of Catholic moralists in their strict sense. There was no romantic confusion. He was like Rimbaud. Rimbaud and Baudelaire knew where they stood, knew that they stood at the very center of human experience, alone, in immense peril, exposed entirely to grace. That is why their poetry leads always to the central problem; they bear the burden of man's unrest and of man's search. That is all we know.

It follows that what they have left us of immense importance are the printed pages of their books. It is not for us to sit at the hospital bed in Marseilles with Rimbaud suffering and enigmatic, or with Baudelaire silent at his window. There was another presence there and it is not for us to speak about what occurred, in Marseilles, in Paris—even if we could know. The debate among Catholics as to whether there was conversion or not—in these cases as in so many others—has long seemed to us a scandal passing all limits of presumption.

This review would be completely misread if it were taken as attacking Mr. Morgan's brief and excellent life of Baudelaire. It is only that this matter of conversion arises in Mr. Morgan's mind and gives an accomplished finality and form to the great poet's life. It seems to us that one has to be on guard. Apart, then from this question, Mr. Morgan situates Baudelaire excellently in his times. He is aware of his great importance as a critic. Perhaps he might have gone further in his treatment of Baudelaire's theories in relation to Poe and to de Maistre. But this is a readable and understanding introduction to Baudelaire and to his work. It was worth writing.

Never the Twain

IT WAS a Moslem, Dr. Aziz, who set off the fireworks in E. M. Forster's justly celebrated "Passage to India," published in this country a dozen years ago. His trial for alleged attempted rape was a frame-up which revealed the intensity of the contempt which some Englishmen have for the darker races in India. There is a striking resemblance here to the racial passions that lead to lynchings in our American South. Now in Christine Weston's "Indigo," which is a current book club choice, it is an educated young Hindu, Hardyal, who suddenly is made most cruelly aware of this contempt of man for man.

There are two most contemptuous Britishers. Colonel Macbeth, father of one of Hardyal's British contemporaries, had killed hundreds of men but was frightfully reserved about it, according to his son. Hardyal's older friend, Aubrey Wall, had been known to fly into a rage and beat some wretched servant into insensibility for a trifle. Once when he stumbled over a friend's servant, who was drugged with opium, he kicked him so hard in his fury that he killed him, feeling all the while that that wretched opium addict epitomized all that Wall hated about India. But all the time he posed as Hardyal's friend, even to the extent of arranging to have the wealthy young Hindu visit the Walls in England. Yet it is Aubrey's letter from England—which Hardyal purloined from its rightful owner—that delivers the fatal blow to the serenity of that young Hindu. The letter reveals not only his murder of the Hindu servant but the supposed friend's abysmal contempt for the people of India; at one point Aubrey says, "I have known horses and dogs almost as human, and have loved them better."

Hardyal can never again feel the same toward even his most intimate British friends and contemporaries. But this is only one theme of an absorbing novel with many facets. The greater part of the narrative has to do with the companionships of youth—the warm friendship of Hardyal for Jacques de Remy, whose family produce indigo on a big scale, and the boon companionship of

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Jacques and John Macbeth. There are also the beautiful, and at times pathetic, Gisèle de Remy, who ultimately enters a convent, and the English orphan Bertie Wood, who becomes Jacques's mistress at the age of seventeen. There are vignettes of school life, hunting and riding, visits to the bazaars and Moslem women's quarters; throughout the accent is on youth.

Quite in contrast is the picture the author builds up of the India of the last war. The smells and sounds, the dirt and grinding poverty, the exploitation of the workman, the immense vitality and constant presence of death—all are there. The birds and cattle, the wretched hovels and ragged garments of so many of the people, the obsequiousness of the depressed classes, the appalling heat are disturbingly real. "Indigo," no more than "A Passage to India," does not explain the mystery of that ancient and agonized land of four hundred millions. It portrays enough to cast a spell as strong as Forster's. That is all the more remarkable in that Christine Weston's earlier novels were of lesser stature. And strangest of all is the fact that this panorama of appalling poverty, malnutrition, ignorance and decadence should exercise so potent a power of attraction in our land of comparative ease and plenty.

Pleasant, Short Book

TO HIS most recent book, Mr. C. J. Eustace attaches a subtitle—"A Catholic Journey." In a sense the book is that, although it is far from being a log of any journey, for it is winningly brief and jumps about pleasantly, with whole months and years of tedious travel left out. In a sense the book is also one of those hardy perennials, a convert's explanation of why he became a Catholic.

The reminiscences of childhood and youth you will find in the early pages of "House of Bread" have real charm. The author was born in England only a few years after the turn of the century—he is today in his late thirties. His father seems to have been a fairly typical nineteenth century entrepreneur, successful for most of his life but falling upon hard times toward the end. The son had to make his way in the world largely under his own steam, and since opportunities seemed few in England, he came to Canada, where he has shaped himself a career at writing and working for a book publishing concern. It was in Canada that he came to the conclusion he should go to church, and after the usual soul-searching—prompted in part by the girl who was to become his wife—he decided that the Catholic was the church for him.

There is a certain simplicity about the way Mr. Eustace's mind works, a simplicity which generally stops short of naïveté and which at its best can be very helpful to those who have no heart for complexity. Not that Mr. Eustace is afraid of serious subjects or serious discussion—he is full of them. But he has a real gift for simplifying and clarifying. Since one of his objects is to guide his readers in their further pursuit of theological, philosophical and spiritual knowledge, this gift lifts his book well above the categories to which it might otherwise be relegated.

One must, however, take issue with him on one point. He draws a very rigid distinction between poetry and the speculative sciences. Of course such a distinction is to some extent useful, but it should always be qualified by pointing out that no philosophy or theology can be first-rate unless the philosoper or the theologian has in him something of the poet. Both poetry and speculation are functions of a whole man, or they are trifles.

This Publishing Business

SORROW WITH OUR LADY

You remember the story of the mother instructing her small daughter: "When Our Lady lost her son on the way from Jerusalem, did she despair? No, she said a Hail Mary to St. Anthony"? It is a silly story and we are mildly amused. But there's something odd about it too, for we can never quite laugh it off. There is a residual feeling at the back of our minds that is not amusement, a feeling that if the thing is absurd it is not wholly absurd. We cannot pin it down, yet we cannot brush it away. Our Lady would not pray to a lesser saint: but wouldn't she? St. Anthony *does* find things, and nothing so precious was ever lost before or since. But St. Anthony was not born yet. Quite so. But what does "yet" mean? What *is* time? Are its fetters so iron? If it is so hard to say what time is, is it so easy to say what time forbids?

On the residuum of that silly story, the element in it that we can't brush away, Eddie Doherty writes his story of the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady. Time does not fetter him at all or even mildly impede him. It is not merely that he moves from now to then and back to now as he pleases. He does more: he sees things, when he feels like it, in two times at once. As he looks upon Our Lady sorrowing, saints are with him—St. Michael or St. Therese or St. Francis de Sales, or oftener than any, Blessed Martin de Porres. They make as free with time as he.

If you have read *Gall and Honey,* Eddie Doherty's story of his re-version to the Church; or if you have read Liberty Magazine, say, or the Chicago Sun, you know that he is an ace newspaperman. Let us say at once that only a newspaperman could have written this book. That special discipline was indispensable. But the book is not journalism. Journalists merely plying their trade do not scourge themselves, not with real thongs anyway: These thongs are real. **"Only through the crucifixion shall any of us find bliss."**

That the book is the record of a powerful spiritual experience is certain. What brought him to the experience he does not tell; but part of it certainly was the coming alive of two doctrines in his mind—the Mystical Body, and the Com-passion of Our Lady. Nothing about us is more curious than the easy nonchalance with which we take the dizzying truths of our Faith. Any one dogma is stupendous enough to stop the breath in our bodies; and we take the whole lot without missing a heartbeat. We are protected from so unnerving and maturing an experience by our failure to realize. If ever here below we come to realize even one truth, strange things are going to happen to us. Eddie Doherty came to realize two. —F. J. S.

Splendor of Sorrow,
by Eddie Doherty. $1.50

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More Books of the Week

War and Children. Anna Freud and Dorothy T. Burlingham. Medical War Books. $3.50.

PRESUMABLY each succeeding war offers variation in its psychological residuals. Present day bombing with subsequent destruction of civilian populations has not only produced its own psychiatric syndrome, it has also forcibly increased the number of persons exposed to it. Among this number are thousands of children who find themselves upon the actual scene of battle, exposed without preparation to the horrors of war from earth and sky.

From varied backgrounds of analytical and psychological training and from their joint experiences in the operation of three nurseries for evacuated children in and around London, Anna Freud, daughter of the late Sigmund Freud, and Dorothy Burlingham, American psychologist, present their impressions in their book "War and Children."

Their premise is a sound one: "The care and education of young children should not take second place in war time." Upon this they have built a four square platform—to repair the damage already done, to prevent further harm, to carry out constructive research and to instruct others. In attempting to accomplish either of the first two points it is obviously essential to know what one is up against or, more correctly speaking, what the *child* has been up against. All children, the authors state, over the age of two, who have been exposed to a blitz, have learned the significance of raids, falling planes, bombs, killings, fires, destruction of homes, people buried alive and separation from parents and relatives.

It is of interest and significance that the authors found no signs of traumatic shock (psychological reactions) in children who had been through the blitz and were physically unharmed, providing the child was with a calm mother or with a familiar mother substitute, such as a teacher or older relative. If the mother or mother substitute showed signs of fear or panic, this became reflected in the behavior of the child, continuing in some cases for many months.

To explain the general lack of emotional reactions, the authors have recourse to some of the main tenets of psychoanalysis. According to these theories the child's nature is essentially one of destruction and aggression. They note the biting, smashing, breaking type of play of young children between the ages of one and two. These tendencies "are still at work in children in a manner in which they only recur in grown up life when they are let loose for purposes of war." Education of the child seeks to (1) restrict, (2) suppress and (3) repress the destructive and aggressive tendencies. Restriction and suppression are accomplished by means of behavior limitations and commands which in turn assist at forcing such tendencies from the conscious to the unconscious mind (repression). That they may not return to consciousness at a later date, the cultivation of antidotal virtues such as pity and carefulness is urged. The authors also feel that *because* aggression and destruction are natural impulses in children they will turn "with primitive excitement" to the blitz, which is seen as a reflection of their own death wishes.

That aggression and destruction are natural to children would be granted, I dare say, by nearly everyone who has ever cared for or attempted to educate them. The analyst says these are primitive impulses, expressions of the uneducated *id*. The Catholic views them as the unattractive residuals of original sin (and that could include the *id* too!). However, when it comes to the death wish or to the child fearing, even subconsciously, that his buried impulses will be awakened, one is on highly debatable, not to say purely imaginative, ground. Nature does not act to thwart itself and biological entities created for *living* can hardly possess an instinct for *death*.

Of more significance than bombings have been the large scale evacuations of children, especially where these have been carried out in haste and without previous psychological preparations. The subsequent billeting has presented numerous problems of its own; thus if the child is housed with families whose social or financial status is either above or below his own, there tend to be corresponding reactions of resentment or a misinterpretation as to why he has been sent there. The foster mother's relationship presents many difficulties which are not rendered easier by the periodic visits of the real mother. Rivalries and jealousies between the children of the foster mother and the billeted child frequently result in prolonged disturbances.

In attempting to outline remedial measures, the authors suggest that future evacuations should be carried out on a much slower transition scale and that the child should be moved either in company with others in his school class or with the whole class and teacher. Other mother substitutes such as nurses should be known to the child beforehand; frequent visits from the parents, especially the mother, should be encouraged from the very beginning.

Taken all in all the book is recommended to those who are interested in the problem of children and their reactions to war. If in reading it one is aware of a certain *thinness,* a narrowed horizon and what might be considered as an intense preoccupation with the proceedings of *today,* this can be accounted for by the total elimination of any religious concepts or considerations. God and prayer have apparently no place in the otherwise admirable nurseries of the Mesdames Freud and Burlingham. In their omission they have lost sight of one of the most stabilizing and familiar "parent substitutes" available. Compare for example this book with S. M. C.'s "Children Under Fire." Within the universally familiar walls of convents and churches, cared for by the universally familiar and loved nuns, "dressed just like ours at home," the major problem involved in uprooting has been met. Add to that attendance at familiar church services, the comforting presence of the Blessed Sacrament and the joint recitation of the "Hail Mary"—compare all of this to the nurseries with their unfamiliar nurses and attendants, with their progressive programs for physical and psychological security, and one is reminded of Father D'Arcy's words, "Men and women are not cured of all sorrow, of interior disappointment and the perverse will, by legislation and classes and physical and social well being."

ANNETTE C. WASHBURNE.

The True Life. Luigi Sturzo. Catholic University. $3.00.

THIS learned book requires much of its readers. It is not a book to be covered in a hurry, but it ought to be meditated in both of its parts: "Society in God" and "From Earth to Heaven." This should not discourage any thoughtful reader. It contains the philosophy of life of a noble statesman and scholar, the most Christian of all exiles from Fascism. If anyone wants to see how a priest turned the outward failure which was thrust upon him from above into a spiritual victory and triumph, let him ponder this book which has been lived. The greatest appeal

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comes from its honest avoidance of all facile and catching solutions, from its Christian earnestness. Those who have lost hope for Italian Christianity will find it here again, despite all that has been said by scornful or amused observers. Had the same lived message been written by one of our great literary geniuses this would have been the book of our generation. To me it seems to require a complement: Don Luigi Sturzo's autobiography and memoirs —such a book would be the application of his stirring and profound sociology. Let us hope that Rome will soon be open to its noble son who has been a rock like Peter.

H. A. REINHOLD.

The Serbs Choose War. Ruth Mitchell. Doubleday. $2.75.

ALTHOUGH Miss Mitchell's impressionistic memoirs are exciting reading, the work is, throughout, superficial and hurried in its observations and reflections. It covers not so much the subject of the title of the book as the author's visit to France as photographer of the wedding of King Zog of Albania, her experiences before and during the nazi invasion of Yugoslavia and as a prisoner of the Gestapo. Here and there Miss Mitchell ventures to discourse on Serbian and Croat problems—quite often with unhappy result. One of her chapters, for instance, is entitled "Yugoslavia: A Versailles Failure," a bit of German propaganda which has been readily swallowed by many an Anglo-Saxon expert, including Miss Mitchell. Or, we learn that "the state of Yugoslavia, being a marriage of geographical and political convenience rather than a really fundamental unions of ideals, was a perfect breeding ground for cynical opportunism" (pp. 61-62). The Serbs are persistently called a "race." In short, the trouble with Miss Mitchell's book is too much of Miss Mitchell. Although she admits that "my Serbian was certainly weak," she lectured for the Anglo-American Club on "The Serbian Character as Shown in the National Epics." In fact, she appears to have lectured to all and sundry around, a tendency which takes a hilarious turn on page 67 when Miss Mitchell expounds: "Personally if I were King of Serbia . . . I would . . ." For the reviewer, therefore, the book never finds the depth or meaning it pretends to seek; it has no more reality for the specialist than the miniature models used in its commando climax. As drama it is a squeak in a storm.

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

Makers of Modern Strategy. Military Thought from Machiavelli to Hitler. Edited by Edward Mead Earle. Princeton. $3.75.

A USEFUL collaborative treatment of the history of military thought by an imposing international group of specialists. Brief biographical information is given about each of the men studied, together with careful analysis of what each contributed to the science of war. A little too detailed and specialized for the general reader, but excellent as a gift for the officer who likes the Army.

The North American Indian Today. University of Toronto—Yale University Seminar Conference, Toronto, September, 1939. *University of Toronto Press.* $3.00.

A DIVERSITY of papers by experts on Indian life covering the field thoroughly, if unevenly. Includes two chapters on Catholic missions by Father Tennelly and Brother Memorian. A valuable survey of a subject which should attract more widespread interest.

HAVE YOU DISCOVERED

Kierkegaard?

Of course you know his name, but have you *read* him? Søren Kierkegaard has been soberly compared to Socrates, Pascal, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Augustine, Freud, Tertullian, and William James (to give only part of the list).

TIME MAGAZINE: "Had this philosopher and mystic not written in a minor language, his fame would have resounded with that of Carlyle, Nietzsche, and Dostoievski."

COMMONWEAL: Catholics will find their best introduction to Kierkegaard in the brilliant article by H. A. Reinhold in the April 10, 1942 issue: "Søren Kierkegaard was . . . perhaps the greatest Protestant Christian of the nineteenth century, a man equal in spiritual stature to our own Cardinal Newman . . . Kierkegaard—quite apart from the fact that he can be read only by permission—is a writer who should be read by strong and mature minds. . . . He who is strong in faith will derive from him a mind-purging, clarifying experience which will make him understand something that catechism-taught Catholics often forget: the wholly otherness of the supernatural, the contingency of our man-furnished universe, the transcendence and holiness of God."

These are the ten Princeton Kierkegaard publications:

PHILOSOPHICAL FRAGMENTS, translated by David F. Swenson. (Published for American-Scandinavian Foundation) $2.00

STAGES ON LIFE'S WAY, translated by Walter Lowrie. $6.00

CONCLUDING UNSCIENTIFIC POSTSCRIPT, translated by David F. Swenson and Walter Lowrie. (Published for American-Scandinavian Foundation) $6.00

THE SICKNESS UNTO DEATH, translated by Walter Lowrie. $2.75

REPETITION, translated by Walter Lowrie (with a bibliographical essay, "How Kierkegaard Got into English"). $2.75

FEAR AND TREMBLING, translated by Walter Lowrie. $2.75

EITHER/OR, translated by David F. Swenson, Lillian M. Swenson, and Walter Lowrie. 2 vols. (Publication late fall 1943). $7.50

THE CONCEPT OF DREAD, translated by Walter Lowrie. (Publication spring 1944).

THE ATTACK ON "CHRISTENDOM," translated by Walter Lowrie. (Publication spring 1944).

A SHORT LIFE OF KIERKEGAARD, by Walter Lowrie. $2.75

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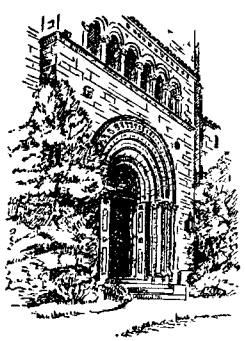

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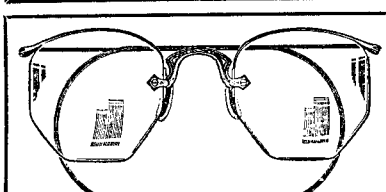

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The Inner Forum

Recent German Pastoral

THE FIRST of the Pastoral Letters drawn up at Fulda by the German hierarchy and read in the churches of most dioceses of the Reich on Sunday, August 29, was sent out in German over the Vatican radio before the Germans had control in Rome. It is reproduced in full in the London *Tablet* of September 25.

It speaks at some length of the victims of Allied air attacks. "Destruction and devastation have assumed terrible dimensions, and the work of relief must equal that of destruction. At the moment our special care is for all those millions who have left their own soil and have had to seek temporary shelter in far-off regions and in other people's dwellings, because they have lost everything. We earnestly ask all Christians to welcome them in love and helpfulness for Christ's sake. You who have still a roof over your heads and sufficient clothing and food, hearken to the exhortation of the Apostle: 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' and do not forget on the last day of Judgment we shall be judged according to the measure in which we have practiced Christian charity. . . .

"As parents and guardians you have the right to demand that even in these [communal] camps your children should have facilities to attend Holy Mass on Sundays, and to receive religious instruction in the doctrines of our Holy Faith. Fight for this right, and do not rest until it has been granted to you. We German Bishops do all that is in our power that our priests may stand by your side everywhere, even in the great dispersals (*Diaspora*) and they may give you the opportunity to receive the Holy Sacraments and religious instruction. May this gigantic internal migration which has seized our whole people, and which confronts us with unheard-of tasks for the care of souls, increase the glory of God, strengthen our faith, and promote the Christian life. . . .

"We must state with profound regret that the war against the heritage of our Christian Faith and against the Church of Jesus Christ is still being waged; that the schools and education are still used to a large extent to de-Christianize the people, especially the youth; that evacuees in camps, boarding schools and scholars' hostels are refused religious instruction; that it is often made difficult or even entirely impossible for children to attend church and to receive the Holy Sacraments; and that on many Christians severe moral pressure is still exerted, which in the Warthegau [certain regions in Poland] amounts to almost complete suppression of the Christian religion. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

Dorothy DAY, one of the founders of the *Catholic Worker*, is author of "From Union Square to Rome" and "House of Hospitality."

Rudolf M. MORRIS was formerly an industrialist and more recently a student of social sciences; he has lived and taught in France and now resides in the United States.

Dorothy THOMPSON spoke at a private meeting of the French-American Club at the Biltmore Hotel in New York on October 21, 1943. This is the substance of the well-known columnist's remarks on that occasion.

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